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Comtesse Elise, daughter of the govern-nor of the Mount, has chance encounter with a peasant boy. The "Mount," a small rock-bound island, stood in vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and during the time of Louis XVI was a gov-ernment stronghold. Develops that the peasant boy was the son of Seigneur De-saurac, nobleman.

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) Here, too, Sanchez, the Seigneur's old servant, returning months later from long wanderings to the vicinity of the Mount-for no especial reason,

place had found him. And at the sight the man frowned.

In the later days, the Seigneur Desaurac had become somewhat unmindful, if not forgetful, of his own flesh and blood. It may be that the absorbing character of the large and chivairous motives that animated him left little disposition or leisure for private concerns; at any rate, he med seldom to have thought, much less spoken of, that "hostage of for-tune" he had left behind; an absentmindedness that in no wise surprised the servant-which, indeed, met the man's full, unspoken approval! The Seigneur, his master, was a nobleman of untarnished ancestry, to be followed and served; the son-Sanchez had never forgiven the mother her low-born extraction. He was, himself, a peasant!

CHAPTER III.

A Sudden Resolution. After his chance encounter with my lady, the governor's daughter, and Beppo, her attendant, the boy walked quickly from the Mount to the forest. His eyes were still bright; his cheeks burned, but occasionally the shadow of a smile played about his mouth, and he threw up his head At the verge of the wood he looked back, stood for a moment with the reflection of light on his face. then plunged into the shadows of the sylvan labyrinth. Near the east door of the castle, which presently he reached, he stopped for an armful of faggots, and, bending under his load, passed through an entrance, seared and battered, across a great roofless space and up a flight of steps to a room that had once been the kitchen of the vast establishment. As he entered, a man, thin, wizened, though active looking, turned around.

"So you've got back?" he said in a grumbling tone. Yes," answered the boy good-nat-

uredly, casting the wood to the flagging near the flame and brushing his coat with his hand; "the storm kept us out last night, Sanchez."

"It'll keep you out for good some day," remarked the man, "You'll be drowned, if you don't have a care." "Better that than being hanged!"

returned the lad lightly.

The other's response, beneath his breath, was lost, as he drew his stool close to the pot above the blaze, removed the lid and peered within. Apparently his survey was not satisfactory, for he replaced the cover, clasped his fingers over his knees and half closed his eyes.

The boy, thoughtfully regarding the flames, started; when he had left the child and Beppo, unconsciously he had dropped it, but this he did not now explain. "I didn't bring one." "Didn't bring one?"

"No," said the boy, flushing slightly. "And not a bone or scrap in the larder! Niggardly fishermen! A small enough wage-for going to sea and helping them-"

"Oh, I could have had what I wanted. And they are not niggardly! Only-I forgot

"Forgot!" The man lifted his hands, but any further evidence of surprise or expostulation was interrupted by a sudden ebullition in the pot.

Left to his thoughts, the boy stepped to the window; for some time stood motionless, gazing through a forest rift at the end of which uprose the top of an Aladdin-like structure, by an optical illusion become a part of that locality; a conjuror's castle in

"The Mount looks near tonight Sanchez!'

"Near?" The man took from its hook the pot and set it on the table. "Not too near to suit the governor, perhaps!"

"And why should it suit him?" drawing a stool to the table and sitting down.

"Because he must be so fond of

looking at the forest." "And does that-please him?"

"How could it fail to? Isn't it a nice wood? Oh, yes, I'll warrant you he finds it to his liking. And all the lands about the forest that used to belong to the old Seigneurs, and which the peasants have taken-waste lands they have tilled-he must think them very fine to look at, now! And what a hubbub there would be, if the lazy asants had to pay their metayage, and fire-tax and road-tax-and all the other taxes-the way the other peasants do-to him-"

"What do you mean?" "Nothing!" The man's jaw closed briskly on. A squirrel barked to the like a steel trap. "The porridge is right; he did not look around. A part-

And with no further word the meal proceeded. The man, first to finish. lighted his pipe, moved again to the fire, and, maintaining a taciturnity that had become more or less habit ual, stolldly devoted himself to the solace of the weed and the companionship of his own reflections. Once or twice the boy seemed about to speak and did not; finally, however, he leaned forward, a more resolute light in his sparkling black eyes.

"You never learned to read, San chez?"

At the unexpected question, the save the desire once more to see the smoke puffed suddenly from the man's lips. "Not I."

Nor write?" The man made a rough gesture "Nor sail to the moon!" he returned derisively. "Read? Rubbish! Write? What for? Does it bring more fish to your nets?"

"Who-could show me how to read and write?"

"You?" Sanchez stared. "Why not?"

"Books are the tools of the devil!" declared Sanchez shortly. "There was a black man here today with a paper-a 'writ,' I think he called itor a 'service' of some kind-anyhow it must have been in Latin," violently, "for such gibberish, I never heard and-

The boy rose. "People who can't read and write are low and ignorant!" What's come over you?"

"My father was a gentleman." "Your father!-yes-

"And a Seigneur!-" "A Seigneur truly!"

"And I mean to be one!" said the bcy suddenly, closing his fists.
"Oh, oh! So that's it?" derisively.

You! A Seigneur? Whose mother-"Who could teach me?" Determined but with a trace of color on his brown cheek, the boy looked down,

"Who?" The man began to recover from his surprise. "That's not so easy to tell. But if you must knowwell, there's Gabriel Gabarie, for one. a poet of the people. He might do it -although there's talk of cutting off his head-

"What for?"

"For knowing how to write." The lad reached for his hat. 'Where are you going?"

"To the poet's." "At this late hour! You are in a

"If what you say is true, there's no time to lose." "Well, if you find him writing verses about liberty and equality, don't interrupt him, or you'll lose

your head," shouted the man. But when the sound of the boy's

alert to wood sound or life, tonight he did not heed it. But, fairly out of the forest and making his way with the same air of resolution across the sands toward the lowland beyond, his attention, on a sudden, became forcibly diverted. He had but half completed the distance from the place where he had left the wood to the objective point in the curvature of the shore, when to the left through the gloom, a great vehicle, drawn by six horses, could be seen rapidly approaching. From the imposing equipage gleamed many lamps; the moon, which ere this had begun to assert its place in the heavens, made bright the shining harness and shone on the polished surface of the golden car. Wondering, the boy paused.

"What is that?" The person addressed, a fisherman belated, bending to the burden on his shoulders, stopped, and, breathing hard, looked around and watched the

approaching vehicle intently. "The governor's carriage!" he said. "Haven't you ever heard of the governor's carriage?"

"That's because he hasn't used it lately; but in her ladyship's day-

"Her ladyship?" "The governor's lady-he bought it for her. But she soon got tired of itor perhaps didn't like the way the people looked at her!" roughly. "Mon Dieu! perhaps they did scowl a little-for it didn't please them, I can tell you!-the sight of all that gold squeezed from the taxes!"

"Where is he going now?" "Nowhere himself-he never goes far from the Mount. But the Lady Elise, his daughter-some one in the village was saying she was going to

Paris-" "Paris!" The lad repeated the word quickly. "What for?"

"What do all the great lords and nobles send their children there for? To get educated-married, and-to learn the tricks of the court! Bah!" With a coarse laugh the man turned; stooping beneath his load, he moved grumblingly on.

The boy, however, did not stir; as in a dream he looked first at the Mount, a dark triangle against the sky, then at the carriage. Nearer the latter drew, was about to dash by, when suddenly the driver, on his high seat, uttered an exclamation and at the same time tugged hard at the reins. The vehicle took a quick turn. lurched dangerously in its top-heavy pomp, and almost upsetting, came to a standstill nearly opposite the boy.

"Careless dog!" a shrill voice screamed from the inside. are you doing?"

"The lises, your Excellency!" The driver's voice was thick; as he spoke he swayed uncertainly.

"Lises-quicksands-" "There, your Excellency," indicating a gleaming place right in their path; a small bright spot that looked as if it might have been polished, while elsewhere on the surrounding sands tiny rippling parallels caressed the eye with streaks of black and silver. "I saw it in time!"

time!" angrily. "Imbecile! "In Didn't you know it was there?" "Of course, your Excellency! Only



footsteps had ceased, Sanchez's ex- 1 had misjudged a little, and-" The pression changed; more bent, more man's manner showed he was frightworn, he got up and walked slowly to ened. and fro. "A fine Seigneur!" The moldering walls seemed to echo the words. "A fine Seigneur!" he muttered, and again sat brooding by the

In the gathering dusk the lad strode ridge drummed to the left; usually

He Was, Himself, a Peasant

"Falsehoods! You have been drink ing! Don't answer. You shall hear of this later. Drive around the spot." "Yes, your Excellency," was the now sober and subdued answer.

Ere he obeyed, however, the car riage door, from which the governor had been leaning, swung open.
"Wait!" he called out impatiently,

time she raises her voice I've got to Concerned with a disordered social raise her salary." the people yet in their beds.

down at him.

pulled her in somewhat over-suddenly.

"Drive on!" Again the shrill tones cut the air. "Drive on, I tell you!

Diable! What are you standing here

A whip lashed the air and the

horses leaned forward. The back

wheels of the vehicle almost struck

the lad, but, motionless, he continued

staring after it. Farther it drew away, and, as he remained thus he

discerned, or fancled he discerned, a

girl's face at the back-a ribbon that

way, I for a moment in the moon-

Eight years elapsed before next

CHAPTER IV.

A Dance on the Beach.

178-, was the cause of certain un-

usual movements of the tide, which

made old mariners and coast-fisher-

men shake their heads and gaze sea-

ward, out of all reckonig. At times,

after a tempest, on this strange coast,

the waters would rise in a manner

and at an hour out of the ordinary,

and then among the dwellers on the

shore, there were those who prog-nosticated dire unhappiness, telling

how the sea had once devoured two

The great vernal equinox of April

light, and then was gone.

and tried to close it, but the catchfrom long disuse not hold, and, before the liveried servant perched on the lofty carriage behind had fully perceived the fact and had recovered himself sufficiently to think of his duties, the boy on the beach had sprung forward.

"Slam it!" commanded an trate voice.

The lad complied, and as he did so, peered eagerly into the capacious depths of the vehicle.

"The boy with the fish!" exclaimed at the same time a girlish treble within.

"Eh?" my lord turned sharply. "An impudent lad who stopped the Lady Elise!" exclaimed the fat man surely Beppo-on the front seat.
"Stopped the Lady Elise!" The

governor repeated the words slowly; an ominous pause was followed by an abrupt movement on the part of the child.

"He did not stop me; it was I who nearly ran over him, and it was my fault. Beppo does not tell the truthhe's a wicker man!—and I'm glad I'm not going to see him any more! And the boy wasn't impudent; at least until Beppo offered to strike him. and then, Beppo didn't! Beppo." derisively, "was afraid!"

"My lady," Beppo's voice was soft and unctious, "construes forbearance for fear."

"Step nearer, boy!"

Partly blinded by the lamps, the lad obeyed; was cognizant of a piercing scrutiny; two hard, steely eyes that seemed to read his inmost thoughts: a face, indistinguishable but compelling; beyond, something white-a girl's dress-that moved and fluttered! "Who is he?"

"A poor boy who lives in the woods, papa!'

But Beppo leaned forward and whispered, his words too low for the lad to catch. Whatever his information. the governor started; the questioning glance on an instant brightened. and his head was thrust forward close to the boy's. A chill seemed to pass over the lad, yet he did not quail.

The Lad Complied.

leaning from the window, smiled | version both for her guests and the

people.

lemon.

to 6s. 8d.

stage manager.

villages overnight, and how, beneath "Where is it going to finish?" ex-the sands, were homes intact, with claimed the weary impressario. "Every

This, despite the demur of

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Doubtful Success.

Much excitement was caused a rew

weeks ago in Calcutta by a particular-

ly insanitary and evil-smelling tank

suddenly changing to a perfumed one.

To the natives this portended the

coming of a great Indian goddess, who

would arise out of the water; so the

pilgrims gathered in thousands to

have their sins washed away and dis-

eases cured. A guileless youth also had been selling this holy water at

five rupees per bottle, which is equal

But soon afterward it was discov-

ered that a large consignment of es

sential oils, belonging to a firm of

perfumers close by, had got smashed,

and afterward leaked into the tank.

The natives now feel rather uncom-

fortable at the thought of having

drunk the dirty water. It is to be

hoped that they will know the smell

of holy water next time they meet

"The prima donna refuses to sing

unless she gets more money," said the

near a perfumer's work .- Answers.

giving off the refreshing smell

his Excellency, her father.

system and men in and out of durgeons, the governor had little time

of her white hand toward the restless sea. "Here, perched in mid air like eagles, you have watched the 'grand tide,' as we call it, come in-like no other tide-faster than a horse can gallop! Where else could you witness the like?"

"Nowhere. And when it goes out-

"It goes out so far, you can no longer see it; only a vast beach that reaches to the horizon, and-'

"Must be very dangerous?" "For a few days, perhaps; later, not at all, when the petites tides are the rule, and can be depended on. Then are the sands, except for one or two places very well-known, as safe as your gardens at Versailles.

But remain, and—you shall see."
Which they did—finding the place to their liking-or their hostess; for the governor, who cared not for guests, but must needs entertain them for reasons of state, left them as much as might be to his daughter. She, brimming with the ardor and effervescence of eighteen years, cepted these responsibilities gladly; pending that period she had referred to, turned the monks' great refectory into a ball-room, and then, when the gales had swept away, proposed the "Good-by, boy!" said the child, and, sands themselves as a scene for di-

prices of the tide or the vagaries of the strand. The people! The menac-ing and mercurial ebb and flow of Many who suffer with backache and weak kidneys are unnaturally irritable and fretful. Bad kidneys fail to elim-inate all the uric acid from the sys-tem, keeping you "on edge" and caus-ing rheumatic, neuralgia pains. their moods! The maintenance of autocratic power on the land, and, a more difficult task, on the sea—these were matters of greater import than the phenomena of nature whose purposes man is powerless to shape or When your back aches, and you notice signs of bladder irregularities, suspect your kidneys and begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended curb. My lady, his daughter, how-Kidney Pills, the best re special kidney remedy. who had just returned from seven years' schooling at a convent and one year at court where the fashion of galety, found in the conduct of their great neighbor, the ocean, a source of both entertainment and instruction for her guests, a merry company transported from Versailles. "Is it not a sight well worth seeing after your tranquil Seine, my Lords?" she would say with a wave

DOAN'S

W. N. U., KANSAS CITY, NO. 17-1913.

Does Backache

Worry You?

HAS A PETRIFIED WATERFALL

One of the Natural Wonders of the World That Is Located in Country of Algeria.

With all the beauty of a cataract of living water, there is in Algeria a re-markable petrified waterfall which recently has been engaging the attention of scietnists. This is the Hammam-Meskhutin, which means "The bath of the damned," and is located 62 miles from Constantine. This solidified cascade is the production of calcareous deposits from sulphurous and ferruginous mineral springs, issuing from the depths of the earth at a temperature of 95 degrees centigrade.

"The bath of the damned," even from a near viewpoint, looks for all the world like a great wall of water dashing into a swirling pool at its foot, yet its gleaming, graceful curves and the apparently swirling eddies at its base are as fixed and immovable as if carved from the face of a granite

Many centuries have of course. gone to the making of the deposits, and the springs were well known to the ancient Romans. The name Hammam-Meskhutin was given to the stone cataract in an allusion to a legend that the waterfall was petrified by Allah, punishing the impiety of unbelievers by turning all the members of the tribe into stone. At night, so the story runs, its stone dwellers of the remote ages are freed from their strange fetters, come to life and resume their normal shapes.

Street Ethics in Chicago.

A law has been enacted in Prussia which makes it a prison offense for any one to fall to answer a cry for help or to go to the rescue of a person in danger when it is possible to do so without endangering one's own life. Such a law would not be amiss in Chicago. Not only ethics, but ordinary decency and manliness are too frequently forgotten here. Let a thug assault a person in the street and the majority of men who happen along. instead of going to the assistance of the person assaulted, will scurry away so as not to be dragged into the affair, Let a person be injured by a street car half the people who witnessed the accident will refuse to give their names to be called upon as witnesses by the victim.

Whether all the ethics of citizenship can be enforced effectively through laws and ordinances may be doubted. yet the legal declaration of some primary duties would help to develop a conscience in such matters now apparently sadly lacking.-Chicago Tribune.

Everybody From Kid To Grandad

Likes

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